

Glorious

The Breeders

Da-da...

Ahhh...

Hold my breath for three more year

Yeah, three years

On my own on Saturdays

It's glorious

We were tired from the tea

Scrabbled and we slept

Through the window came the rain

It's glorious

Being tired from the tea

Hold my breath for three more year

Yeah, three years

On my own on Saturdays

It's glorious [x3]